

FRANKLIN SOULE, EDITOR.

VOLUME XXII.]

WOODVILLE, (MISSISSIPPI,) SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1845.

[NUMBER 24]

The Republican.

NEW SERIES.

Subscription—Three Dollars if paid in advance, or Four, if not paid within six months of the subscription.

POETRY.

For the Republican.
ANSWER TO "P. P." ADDRESS "TO SALLY."

(in our last number.)
You "do not love me!" well, I shall not die
At that same declaration, so back I'll fly
And all the world, you think, with gazing eye,
Believe you love me more than ever man did.
The world's mistaken much more than you be
If you have thought I ever have fancied this.

You're not in love with me, thank you for the thought—
I never dream'd of never having you was.
And all your love, upon battery value not—
A substance lighter than the mountain air—
A substance for no useful purpose given,
And fitted neither for this earth nor Heaven.

I smile as feeling prompts the smile to come,
Though you may deem it merely affectation.
Tis not the æsthetic smile which some
Deal out to suit occasion, birth or station,
And if odd numbers flutter to the net—
They spring the snare that not for them was set.

Yes, "let it pass as a parenthesis,"
Just as you passed before my careless eye
"Not necessary to make sense," or bliss—
Where countless idle claim idleness,
And urge upon me full as Aida's pretensions,
In words that better suit my comprehension.

"Flirtation!" and I did not once suspect
The game—I saw so little to admire
If your desire so little can affect
How must your unexcited manners tire.
The highest grace of such proxy Adams
Would win but little fruit with maid or madame.

I am not looking "scornful," but amused,
Amused that one so conscious of his power,
Should make excuse as if he had abused
With treacherous blast a vain but trusting flower!
While she unconscious of his presence, won
By real glories, gazed upon the Sun!

My "lover," "friend"—You may have been the first—
I know not, and 'tis very immaterial;
The shoe of that "little foot" would burst,
To kick a character so quite ethereal,
And this old saw, time out of mind had planned—
To fashion friendship two contents are needed!

Old vanity! it is the curse of man,
Man, in the image of his Maker made,
Yet whose self-love has made the mighty plan—
Himself the idol where his worship's paid,
Himself a candle—fumes, methinks mineons,
To flutter round his flame and singe their pinions.

"Farewell!" farewell! and when you next may go
To mill with such overburdened gnat of Flattery,
Turn not the Helicon's poetic flow
Into such muddy froth to bespatter thee.
But seek some stream through piney woods that twist,
There choose thy mistress and there grind thy grist.

And now P. P. good bye—I think I can
Speak thus with pulses still and heart quite stout,
Still wondering if such a "nice young man"
Can have a mother knowing that he's out!
I shall not dream of you—and waking fancies
Will dwell with dearer forms and brighter glances.

For the Republican.

SCHOOL LANDS AND SCHOOL LAWS.

I have just now read an article in the "Republican" of the 17th inst. signed "S. S." proposing to me a number of interrogatories. I know not who my interrogator is, but if I conjecture aright, as to his identity, it affords me much pleasure to meet the approval of the gentleman and the scholar, who can himself effect much good by leading his very efficient pen to the cause of education in Mississippi, if I mistake not; the land of his nativity, to which he has renounced his important duty. Some of the questions have been already answered at least in part in former communications—the first two I propose answering now, and in doing so, I shall be compelled to strike a blow where it may not be expected. I would gladly avoid anything of this kind, or of an unpleasant nature; but duty requires it—and where duty leads, honesty is compelled to follow.

"To whom are these trustees or commissioners accountable?" I will answer this question by relating an anecdote which occurred a few years ago in a certain Court-house in Mississippi. The board of county officers were in session and had before it a return of an election, which the same board or its president had ordered some weeks before for the purpose of choosing trustees of school lands in a certain township. Several gentlemen presented themselves and testified the honorable board, that they were the said trustees legally elected and wished to be qualified according to law. They were informed that they were already fully qualified by virtue of their election, of the legality of which the board had ample proof before it and that the honorable police court had nothing more to do with the trustees elect. This modest hint, however, did not cause these conscientious gentlemen to withdraw their persons from the court house. They had called at an attorney's office, where they were politely furnished with the law of 1833 on the subject, and thus armed they had gone before the board of police to comply with it. After considerable debate, they were permitted to take the oath prescribed, upon which, they were again told that they were now fully qualified and at liberty to withdraw. But notwithstanding this second admonition, they moved not an inch; they seemed disposed to be rather hard headed and stubborn, but were no doubt conscientious, and would somewhat green, and consequently observed the terms of the law with much awe. They produced their suit, pleading for some time at dragging the law to beat upon the mind of

the honorable board. As soon as the court was convinced that the law required the oath and bond, both were received; upon which the trustees retired instantly, all their obstinacy disappearing without waiting for another hint from the court. Hence it will be inferred that the trustees are responsible to the board of county police, at least, whenever that honorable body can be convinced of the facts. This matter, however, is very well understood by the present board of this county. That the trustees are accountable to the president of the board of county police is evident from the following section of the act of 1833. Also the query, "What possible penalty is there for breach or abuse of trust?" seems to find an answer in this same section which I quote entire.

"It shall be the duty of said trustees, before they or either of them proceed to the discharge of the duties required of them by this act, to enter into bond with security as may be approved of by the board of county police of the county in which they may reside, payable to the president of the said board of county police, and his successors in office, conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties required of them by this act, and said bond shall be in such penalty as said board of county police shall direct; and said trustees shall also take an oath before said board of county police, that they will discharge the duties as such trustees according to law, to the best of their skill and judgement." Howard and Hutchison, ix. 35.

Now the two questions are answered in the very few words of the law itself. And is "S. S." satisfied with the answer? I presume he is not quite so easily satisfied. He and every other honest man, when the matter is fully understood, must of necessity feel more dissatisfaction and "contemplation indignation" now, than ever before. Why so? Let it be noted that there are more laws than "this act" alone—that there are a number of laws or acts of the legislature of Mississippi in relation to schools and school lands, both of older and more recent date, as well as of much greater importance and utility than "this act." Now observe again that the above extract requires the trustees to give bond and security "for the faithful discharge of the duties required of them by this act," and not of duties required by any other law whatever. If therefore they discharge the duties required by "this act," the terms of the law and the bond are undeniably and fully met. There is no penalty for breach and even utter disregard of all other laws on the subject, and consequently all other legislative enactments in regard to school lands, and trustees may be broken *ad libitum* at *ad infinitum* with perfect impunity! Nay, worse—other laws on the subject cannot be complied with, without disregard of "this act" and forfeiture of bond, since other acts come in collision with this! Shall I be told that perhaps later laws repeal the parts of "this act" with which they come into collision? Then I say let any one be so good as to show any law whatever repealing "this act," or any part of it. And besides, what if "this act" were repealed? It would avail nothing while the trustees continue to give bond in exact accordance with its requirements. Why again it will be inquired, do the board of police receive or accept such a bond? Because "this act" and no other law, requires just exactly this bond and no other bond. The board then must accept the bond in compliance with the requirements of "this act," or the trustees must remain responsible to no tribunal whatever, save public opinion. Here then is the dilemma in which both trustees and board of police are placed: They must inevitably be gored by one of its unyielding horns—and it is immaterial which, for in either case the safety of the school fund is equally endangered.

I hope the reader has not yet poured out all his righteous indignation upon the foregoing developments, or that he has procured a fresh and larger supply; for I fear he will feel called upon for much more before he finds the end of this paragraph, since the section above quoted prevents not only a compliance with other laws, but it is also impossible to obey the most important provisions of "this act" itself. Or if possible, a compliance would be attended with ruinous consequences, as the reader will soon perceive. But pray, what is required by "this act" that alone should be so carefully and exclusively guarded with penalties? That the school lands shall be leased for a period of ninety-nine years, explains the conditions of said leases, allows trustees to reserve a part of the school section in each township, or procure in lieu thereof not exceeding eighty acres of other lands by purchase or otherwise, and then the all-important section quoted in a former number, which so positively commands the trustees to vest the entire school funds in the purchase of Planters bank stock with directions how to spend the dividends arising from said bank stock! Hence the only law with penalty annexed in regard to school lands and trustees may be very briefly summed up in the short sentence: Convert the valuable school lands into "stock in the Planters' bank of the State of Mississippi." This is what "this act" requires, and it is what (if any thing) the trustees have given bond to do!

Hence those trustees, who have been guided by former or subsequent laws on this subject, have not complied with "this act," consequently they have forfeited and are susceptible upon their bond. Hence it is clearly evident that the legitimate tendency and effect of the only law on the subject, for the breach of which any penalty is attached, are to coerce the trustees to a course disgraceful in the extreme—but now fortunately almost impracticable—the conversion of the valuable school funds and lands into worthless stock in a rotten institution! Incredible and astounding though it be, yet it is nevertheless true that we have in the State of Mississippi, a law requiring under a heavy penalty a course that must, if pursued, inevitably result in the total destruction of the magnificent donation of Congress for education! It looks incredible, but there is the law—let each one read for himself and be convinced.

If there be much dishonesty where there are penalties against it, what may we not expect where, as in the case before us, the penalty is laid against doing right? For right it is, most undoubtedly, though at the same time both lawful and unlawful to disobey "this act," and thereby secure the school fund from certain destruction. And although right to save the fund, yet it would be wrong to require the trustees, for that purpose, to break his word and forfeit his bond.

But I must hasten on with the subject, and having still other items to present before dismissing "this act" of abominations, I must hope the reader's love of the marvelous will be unexhausted. The law before us makes it the duty of said trustees to appropriate the annual amount of funds arising from the dividends on bank stock, belonging to each township in the erection and repair of school houses and other necessary buildings, and for education. What other buildings are necessary? One might consider an observatory necessary, another a ball-alley or a gymnasium, a third a meeting-house, a prison, or printing-office, and a fourth a green house or various mechanical establishments. The terms of the law are certainly as broad as could be desired by the most fastidious liberal-constructionist, and allow the erection of any buildings that man's imagination might fancy, necessary in any degree, however remote. There is, it is true, little danger of this clause being abused—indeed it cannot be abused now, as there are no dividends of bank stock to be used in any way—but I mention this merely to guard future legislation; for we cannot too carefully guard funds of any kind, and especially should we be careful in the extreme of those held in trust for accomplishing the highest and best of objects.

Besides the items already mentioned, "this act" requires nothing more—no examination or appointment of teachers—no establishment of school, or control or interference whatever with either teachers of schools—no loaning or other safe investment and accumulation, or disbursement of funds—no suits or other means of securing and enforcing payment of debts due the townships—no election of trustees directed—no qualifications of trustees or voters prescribed—no organization of a board, no other duties, no president, secretary or treasurer—no treasurer's bond—and since the decesses of the Planters' bank, unlimited control of the "sword and purse" of the township. For

"Our decesses.
Dead to infidelity, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose."
I am sorry that my limits will not allow me to finish the answers to the first two questions of "S. S." in this number, and that I am compelled to break off abruptly at this interesting stage of the investigation. My next will contain an item or two not a whit less astonishing than the most marvelous in this communication. PHILON.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

Years have rolled away and the vision of the tea-kettle is realized.

Talk of political revolutions, they are nothing to the revolutions of science. Amid the roar of a conflict which shook Europe, the ancient dynasty of France fell prostrate, crumbled, with the ruins of its own Bastille. And now are new bastilles being created—new forts erected—the tools with which tyranny played its game of yore, the chains are again clanking on the people who once so nobly burst them. But there is no such reaction in the revolutions of science. The echo of the cheery hiss of the old tea-kettle, when the boy, with a dreamily listening to it, is to be heard in the loud roar of the steam-pipe, rising often above the din of wind and waters, and proclaiming to both that a mighty power is battling with their fierceness.

Steam has made this old world of ours a new one. It makes ocean voyages, pleasure trips, it binds cities together, literally with iron bands; it brings kingdoms into as close contiguity as parishes. What does it not do for man?—Services the most mighty and the most trivial. It hurries him across the Atlantic in ten days, and grinds coffee in grocers' shops; it has power enough to pump up volumes of water from the bowels of the earth, and delicacy enough to drive a shuttle and weave fine linen. Mighty as is its strength, the childhood of intellect can guide it. Up and down by the huge beams and cylinders with a force that hundreds of horses would in vain crack sinew and muscle to control; and yet, let there be but the touch of a guiding lever—the stopping of a valve—demanding no more than a child's strength, and the vast moving fabric at once becomes motionless and passive—only so many tons of wrought and hammered metal.

There is to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam engine. Stand amidst its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful!—the machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is no more nicely adjusted—the roar of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons, teaching solemn things, but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—intellect battling with the elements. And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fits and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam engine—more of the poetry of nature than in the bound of an antelope, more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cateract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric—the triumph of art and science—was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapor rise from the spout of a tea-kettle!

THE SEVEN TYRANTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA MANNAIN.

PART FIRST.

It was a night of gloom. A starless sky hung over the earth like a tablet of black marble upon a tomb. Nothing disturbed the silence, save a strange noise like the light beating of wings, which from time to time was heard over town and country. The darkness grew thicker, and all felt their hearts beat quicker, and a shiver ran through their veins.

In a hall hung with black, and lighted by a lurid lamp, seven men, clothed in purple, with their heads encircled by a crown, were seated upon seven seats of iron. In the midst of the hall was raised a throne of bones, and at its foot, as a footstool, lay a prostrate cross. Before the throne was a table of ebony, and upon the table a vase full of blood, red and flaming, and a human skull.

The seven men appeared sad and thoughtful; and their eyes from the depths of their deep sockets, from time to time shot forth gleams of livid fire, and one of them rose up and approached the throne, and placed his foot upon the crucifix. At that moment his limbs shook, and he seemed near falling. The others regarded him unmoved, but a something, I know not what, passed over their features, and a smile that was not human contracted their lips.

And he who stood towering stretched out his hand, seized the vase full of blood, filled the skull and drank; and the draught seemed to strengthen him. Raising his head, this cry escaped from his breast: "Curse be Christ, who has brought back liberty upon the earth!" And the other kings rose up all together, and all together raised the same cry: "Curse be Christ, who has brought back liberty upon the earth!"

When they had re-seated themselves upon their seats of iron, the first said: "My brothers, let us abide liberty, for our reign is finished if here commence! Our cause is the same, let each propose that which seems best. For my own part I give this counsel, for before Christ came, who dared to stand upright before us! It is his religion which destroys us; let us abolish the religion of Christ!"

And all responded: "It is true! let us abolish the religion of Christ!"
And a second advanced to the throne; took the human skull; filled it with blood; and after drinking, said: "It is not religion alone that should be abolished; but still further science and thought; for science teaches that which is, for us, not good for man to know; and thought is always ready to rebel against oppression!"

And all responded: "It is true! let us abolish Science and Thought!"

And when the third had done what the two first had before done, he said: "When we have replugged mankind into brutishness by depriving them of religion, and science, and thought, we have done much, but there yet remains something else to be done. The brute has dangerous instincts and sympathies. One people should not hear the voice of any other people; for fear that if any complain and rise in rebellion that they should be tempted to imitate them. No noise from without should penetrate within!"

And all responded: "It is true! No noise from without should be heard within!"
And a fourth said: "We have our interests, and the people have their interests opposed to ours. If they should unite against us to defend that interest, how can we resist them? Let us separate them, out of policy. Let us create in each province, village and hamlet an interest contrary to that of other hamlets, villages and provinces. In this manner they will hate each other, and will not think of uniting against us!"

And all responded: "It is true! let us make political divisions! Concord will destroy us!"
And a fifth, after twice filling and twice draining the human skull, said: "I approve of all these means; they are good, but insufficient. Make broods—that is well; but frighten these broods; strike them with the terror of inexorable justice, and the most atrocious punishment; if you would not, sooner or later, be devoured! The Executioner is the Prime Minister of a good Prince!"

And all responded: "That is true! The Executioner is the Prime Minister of a good Prince!"
And a sixth said: "I perceive the advantage of punishments, prompt, terrible, inevitable. Nevertheless, there may be some one, of brave heart and desperate courage, who will brave punishments. If you would govern men easily, enslave them with voluptuousness. Virtue we do not want; it nourishes strength. Let us debilitate it entirely by corruption!"

And all responded: "It is true! let us destroy strength, energy and courage, by corruption."
Then the seventh, after he had, like others, drank from the human skull, said in his turn, with his foot upon the cross: "Let us have no more Christ! There is war to the death, eternal war, between Him and us. But how shall we detach the people from him? It is a vain attempt! What shall then be done? Hear me! It is necessary to buy up the priest of Christ with wealth, honor and power; and they will command, on the part of Christ, to submit to us completely in whatever we demand to command; and the people will believe and obey from conscience; and our power will be firmer than before!"

And all responded: "It is true! let us buy up the priests of Christ!"
And, all at once the lamp which lighted the hall went out, and the seven crowned men separated in the gloom.

And a voice came to a just man who at the moment watched and played before the cross: "Nine hour approached. Adore, and faint not!"

PART SECOND.

Through a mist, thick and gray, I saw, as one looks upon the earth at the hour of twilight, a naked plain, desert and cold. In the midst rose a rock, from which trickled, drop by drop, a blackish water; and the feeble and dull sound of the drops which fell was the only sound one could hear.

Seven paths winding about through the plain ended at the rock; and around the rock, and at the entrance of each, was a stone covered with, I know not what; moist and green, like the sign of a reptile. And behind, in one of the paths I perceived one like a shadow, who moved slowly; and, as by little the shadow came near, I discerned—not a man, but the semblance of one. Upon its left breast this human form had a drop of blood, and it set down upon the wet green stone, and its limbs shook. Its head was bowed, and it pressed its folded arms closely together, as if to retain a little vital warmth.

And by the six other paths, six other shadows successively arrived at the foot of the rock. Trembling, with folded arms they sat down upon the stone, damp and green; and they were silent, and oppressed by the weight of a hidden agony.

Their silence continued a long time; I know not how long, for never did the sun rise on that wretched plain; neither night nor morning was known there; but the drops of blackish water, by their falling, alone measured a duration monotonous, obscure, heavy, eternal, and this was as terrible, that unless God had strengthened me, I could not have endured the sight.

After a kind of convulsive shudder, one of the shadows, raising his head, uttered a sound rough and harsh like the sighing of the wind through a skeleton, and the rock echoed this exclamation to my ear: "Christ has conquered! cursed be he!" And instantly they were seized with a greater trembling; the mist parted; and for an instant the blackish water ceased flowing; and the seven shadows bent anew under the weight of their secret agony; and then succeeded a silence far longer than the first. Then one of them, without rising from the stone, immovable and bent down, said to the others—

"The same thing has happened to you that has happened to me! What have availed our counsels?" And another replied, "Faith and Thought have broken the chains of the people; Faith and Thought have freed the earth!" And another said, "We desired to divide mankind, and our oppression has united them against us!" And another, "We have shed blood; and that blood has returned upon our heads!" And another, "We have sowed corruption, and it has germinated in us and destroyed even our bones!" And another, "We thought to divide Liberty; and its breath has withered out power, even to the roots!" Then the seventh shadow, "Christ has conquered! Cursed be he!"

And all with one voice responded: "Christ has conquered! Cursed be he!"
And I saw a hand stretch forth, which dipped its finger in the blackish water, whose drops in falling measured eternal duration, and smote the foreheads of the seven shadows; and that was forever!
R. H. B.

THE PRINTER.

How few men there are, of those who gaze admiringly upon the printer, as he "nimble flings the slender letters round," that know of his privations and toils. From the nature of his occupation, he is comparatively unknown to the community at large. Immured in a closely confined place of business from an early to a late hour,—(and those who work upon a daily paper, frequently throughout the night)—having no regular hours for repose,—inhaling the noxious vapors incident to a close room, with lamp smoke and steam, and gases, it is no wonder that he should appear cadaverous and emaciated. The compositor is most exposed to all these baleful influences; the materials of which the types are composed, exert a pernicious effect upon his system, especially when for the purpose of expedition, he is obliged to dry his types by the fire, after distribution. He being obliged to stand all day in one position, & his stooping posture while correcting and "making up," tends sooner or later, to destroy the harmony of his internal organs; and the sedentary nature of his business, together with the variety of temperatures he is obliged to undergo, and to which, from his physical state, he is extremely sensitive, often produce chronic disorders which hasten him to a premature grave.

But printing is a noble work, and though the Printer be confined to a narrow circle, and amidst the hum of the din of the politician and the newslinger within—though compelled to inhale the noisome air of the Printing office, and by the dim lamp of midnight—

"Work, work, work!
With fingers weary and worn—
Eyelids heavy and red!"

yet does his bosom thrill, and his eyes glister, as he "sets up" the news of some "great victory" of his favorite party and he glows with eager delight; while at the same time, he reads and puts in type, the speech of his great orator! He enters into the spirit of his work; he is not a mere machine—the very nature of his work sets his thoughts in motion; and while the "types go click, click, click, in his stick," he may in imagination, be scrutinizing the human resources of distant country—wandering amidst "pleasures and pines," or riding on the deep blue sea. He smiles at the ludicrous, looks grave at the disastrous; the thrilling romance gives him a pleasant excitement, and poetry raises his thoughts to the sublime; and it may truly be said of him, that often, whilst he is outwardly striving for the highest, he is put down as the lowest. Then he approaches the altar; for he is the true hero, who works both with his head and hands.

The Printer enjoys a few of the luxuries of life, the publication must appear regularly, and consequently, all his time is employed. He hears the "chinkling of the merry bell," as sleighs fly swiftly over hill and valley, but he cannot mix with the gay & happy throng;